Ambassador and Mme. Bakhmeteff Arrive

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY.

# "THE DIAMONDS"

By J. S. FLETCHER

(Copyright, 1912, Frank A. Munsey Co.)

and there were the diamonds, concern-

us are sometimes obliged to do unpleas-

ant things.

Mr. Kilner, at the end of his seaside holiday, decided to begin the process of settling down. He had two passions, one for gardening and the other for fishing, and he wanted to combine the indulgence of them with life in a pleasant country.

He liked North Wales, and he began to make some inquirise as to what he

should imagine you could get an

"I should imagine you could get an excellent bachelor house there. Why not take a trip in that direction and see the place yourself? Drop over to Denbigh-fine, interesting town-stay at the Bull, and look around you."

Mr. Kliner decided to act upon this treat ever so he set out next day

Mr. Kliner decided to act upon this advice at once, so he set out next day for Denbigh and was duly installed at the Bull by nightfall. He made some inquiries in the smoking-room that night which convinced him that the fish-night which convinced was all that

desire. With a fishing rod, a comfortable

overshadowed by noble groves of elm and ash, plane and yew, It was not a large house, but quite large enough for its owner and for the

large enough for its owner and for the cook, housekeeper, and smart housemald whom Mr. Keene duty installed in it. Perhaps the garden was rather larger and more expensive to keep up than its new tenant had meant it to be, but Mr. Keene was a well-to-do man had could afford the services of a gardener. These he promptly secured, and from that time forward the wheels of the establishment, which was known in the

tablishment, which was known in the district as Aboukir Lodge, moved with

AID TO UNLOVELY.

ory," said the hotel clerk, "but balk at

"That is one of the first things they

want to know. Churches, theaters, even

dressmakers can walt a few days, but the beauty doctor is an immediate ne-

cessity. Unfortunately, they do not get

much satisfaction out of me. Any num-

ber of beauty specialists leave cards for

distribution, but so many of them have

been mixed up in lawsuits that I feel

squeamish about delivering their cards. To satisfy my own conscience and the

women at the same time I hand out a

bunch of advertisements with the remark I guess they are about all alike Then they can pay their money and take their choice, and if they lose their

hair and complexion they can't come

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* CHAPTER XXV (Continued). enjoy a holiday. He had made a nice bit of money one way and another, he The should take a little bit of a said to himself; there had been the holiday that way, sir." said purchase price of the business, which Mr. Hennessy. "It'd do ye a

power of good. 'I shouldn't wonder if your advice was good, Jim," replied Mr. Kilher. "I'll think it over and see what can be done. It's very foolish, indeed, I know, to tride with affairs of the heart."

In point of fact, Mr. Kilner had for at least sixteen hours been meditating some such holiday as that recommended by his assistant, and was wondering how it could best be carried into ef-

It was his intention to get away from Dublin as quickly as he possibly could— always provided that it could be done without exciting any suspicion. And he meant to set about it that morning. meant to set about it that morning.
One or two pulls at the bottle, a breakfast on strong tea, dry toast, and salt fish returned Mr. Kilner to a state of something like renewed health and confidence, and about 10 o'clock he intimated to Mr. Hennessy that he was going forth to see a doctor, and left his barman in sole charge of the establishment. But Mr. Kilner's mind was changed on reaching the street—instead of seeking medical advice, he sought the agent from whom he had bought the good will and stock of the late Mr. Phelim Hanrahan's business, and was presently quartered on that gentleman in private.

presently quartered on that gentleman in private.
"I've called to see you," said Mr. Killner, "on a matter of business. I want you to sell that there business of mine—that as was Hanrahan's—as soon as you can. I've had enough of it."

you can. I've had enough of it."
The azent stared.
"Wh?," said he, "it's only been yours
ten months—or is it eleven? You've
soon tired of it, Mr. Kilner—surely you,
didn't find that it wasn't what it was
represented to be?"
Mr. Kilner waved his fat hands.
"I've no complaint on that score," he
said: "T've business is well enough, and
the recents are better, as the books

e receipts are better, as the books ill show, than when I took it over, s my health, sir—there's no doubt Dublin doesn't suit me. A fine city, and nice recopie, as I, a stranger, can testify, but not good for my health. I suffer from a particular affection of the

suffer from a particular affection of the heart, and it's got gradually worse. If I don't mean to lay my bones'—
Mr. Kilner paused, suddenly faint and ghastly pale. He had thought of the men whose bones were doomed to repose in something less pleasant than a Dublin cemetery. His countenance frew sea-green and he half choked.

The agent rose from his chair, much alarmed.

Are you ill?" he asked. "Shal! I get anything?"
Mr. Kilner shook his head. He swallowed once or twice, and got his breath and his self-confidence again.
"No, thanking you," he said. "It's

"No, thanking you," he said. "It's passed now. It's sudden spasms of the heart, like that, sir, what's a-troubling of me. Dublin, sir, isn't suited to my health, so as I was saying I want you to find a purchaser for my business—

to find a purchaser for my businessfor strict cash—as early as you can."
Then he went away and returned to
Mr. Hennesy and the establishment,
and he duly informed that gentleman
that by medical advice he had come to
the extremely painful conclusion that
he must sell his business and return to
England, where, in his native country
and air, he hoped to regain his health.
During the next fortnight Mr. Kilner
made a change in his mode of life, After

England, where, in his native country and air, he hoped to regain his health.

During the next fortnight Mr. Kliner made a change in his mode of life, After closing hours every evening, instead of remaining alone in the house, he locked it up and spent the night at a small hotel a little distance away.

There he was known as an affable and quiet person, who drank a glass or two before retiring to his room, who was not very well in health, and ate very modestly of breakfast, and who gave scarcely any trouble.

He always carried a small handbag with him to the hotel and took it away in the morning, and the hotel people were not aware that it contained a full bottle of brandy at night and an empty one in the morning. Mr. Kliner's potatione in the morning of the morning found out in his own room while virtuous folk slept.

In point of fact, Mr. Kliner was, in a line of a specific terfor, not of being found out in his misdeeds, but of paying the visit to Claye's tomb, which was absolutely necessary if he meant to secure the diamonds. He had no doubt of what he would find there, or that the diamonds would reward him, but he was something of a squeamishment of the diamonds would reward him, but he was something of a squeamishment of the diamonds would reward him, but he was something of a squeamishment of the diamonds would reward him, but he was something of a squeamishment of the diamonds would reward him, but he was something of a squeamishment of the diamonds would reward him, but he was something of a squeamishment of the cliud of the province of the boust of the house to himself to keep the had to fortify his spirits, with an extra liarge dose of brandy before he could bring himself to set out upon his mis

upon his mission.

He pulled himself together at last and set to work upon the task before him. Horrors or double horrors he must have the diamonds for which he

when he went to the little hotel that evening Mr. Kilner carried the diamonds with him in his bag alongside the provision for his night's debauch. But on that night one glass of brandy satisfied him—he slept as soundly as an innocent child, for his mind was at

#### CHAPTER XXVI. A Cottage In Arcadia.

R. KILNER left Dublin without difficulty and under nobody's suspicion or observation. It Issue of The Times. was quite true that Sergeant Davidson had failed to hear any news of young Mr. Baxendale, that Richard Claye seemed to have completely dis-appeared, and that Miss Driscoll's dis-monds had vanished with him, but all

with Mr. Kilner.

It so happened that some account—
not a very clear nor a very definite
one—had crept into the papers and had been mentioned by Secretary Ports. been mentioned by Sergeant Davidson to Mr. Kilner in the course of a cas-ual conversation in the street, wherein the sergeant remarked that young Mr. Baxendale had evidently profited by the contents of Mr. Kilnere's till to make himself safe, but nothing had connected Mr. Kilner with the mystery.

ed Mr. Kilner with the mystery.
It was his misfortune, not his fault, that young Mr. Baxendale had robbed him. To Sergeant Davidson Mr. Kilner intimated and bewailed the fact that he was leaving Dublin on account of his health, and he spoke so pathet-ically of his sad fate in being obliged to reilinquish a business which was just beginning to increase its taking in a very substantial fashion, that the Ser-geant was sorry for him, he said:

"But why don't you just take a good hollday somewhere and come back when you're quite set up?" suggested Sergeant Davidson. "Maybe you're only just in need of a change."
"No. sir." replied Mr. Kilner, shaking his head with portentous solemnity.
"That, I'm afraid, wouldn't do. The air and climate of Dublin, sir, don't suit me. I must have something more salu-

I must have something more

Then he remarked that if Sergeant Then he remarked that if Sergeant Davidson ever caught that young scamp who had robbed him. Mr. Kilner, of the contents of the till, he hoped he would make an example of him, and he shook hands with great cordiality and went his way.

So there was no suspicion attached to Mr. Joseph Kilner when he left the Irish capital, and no fear in his own mind of a detective awaiting him when he stepped ashore from the mail steamer at Holyhead.

Will Then Return to New. Mrs. Bobert, Hinckley port to Remain Until November.

The Russian Ambassador and Mme amounted to a few thousands of pounds, Bakhmeteff arived in Washington this and there were the diamonds, concerning the disposal of which he had distinctly good and business-like ideas.

There was no reason why he should not now settle down and enjoy life—the sort of life that appealed to him. He knew exactly what sort of life that was, and he determined to live it.

He went to Liandudno from Holyhead, and putting up at the best hotel in the place, recruited his wearied and shattered nerves for several weeks. He broke himself of inordinate drinking habits, and generally brought his allowance down to a reasonable amount at meals and three glasses of hot grog at night. He kept regular hours and slept very well; he spent most of his time in the open air; at the end of six weeks a healthy and cheerful one. He had drowned recollection in a large vat of alcohol and had subsequently flung the vat with all its contents into the abyses of oblivion.

Mr. Kilner, in fact, had achieved that extraordinary mental feat which enables men to believe in things which afternoon for the funeral of Mrs. John R. McLean, Mme. Bakhmeteff's sister. They joined the funeral train at Boston, going up from the summer emessy at Newport by automobile. After the funeral they will return to Newport where they will remain until

Lieut. Robert Henderson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Henderson, returned to Washington last night from Atlantic City, where they spent the last fort-

#### Miss Gertrude Greenhalgh

November.

Bride of Lieutenant Cullen. Miss Gertrude M. Greenhalgh, daughte of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Greenhalgh, was married to Lieut. Edward J. Cul-Mr. Kliner, in fact, had achieved that extraordinary mental feat which enables men to believe in things which never existed, or to find it impossible to believe in things which they themselves actually committed.

If he ever found a stray thought of Dublin and its tragedy enter his mind, he dismissed it without ceremony and with a sigh of regret that even the best-intended and mildest-mannered of us are sometimes obliged to do unpleaslen, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, last evening in the Shrine of the Sacred Heart. The wedding ceremony, which was performed by the pastor of the church, the Rev. Joseph F. McGee, at 6 o'clock, was attended by a small gathering of relatives and friends. Palms, ferns, golden rod, and white roses formed the decorations of the church.

The bride, who was escorted and formed the decorations of the church. The bride, who was escorted and given in marriage by her father, wore a beautiful gown of soft white satin draped in white chiffon. Her only ornament was the bridegroom's gift, a diamond pendant. The bridal veil of white tulle was arranged with orange blossoms, and the bridal bouquet was a shower of Bride roses and illies of the valley. He liked North Wales, and he began to make some inquirise as to what he could find there that would suit him. And talking one night in the smoking-room with a gentleman who appeared to know what he was talking about, Mr. Kilner received advice upon which he decided to act.

"If I were you," sald the adviser, "and wanted just what you seem to want, I should certainly try the neighborhood of the Vale of Clwyd. You can get splendid fishing on the Clwyd and the Elwy, and the country is delightful.

Miss Clara McGrath, who was the bride's only attendant, wore a white embroidered net robe over pink slik and carried an armful of Bridesmald roses. Frank J. Cullen, of New York, was

Frank J. Cullen, of New York, was his brother's best man.

An informal reception in the home of the bride's parents followed the wedding ceremony in the church, and later in the evening Lieutenant and Mrs. Cullen left for a Northern wedding trip.

Mrs. Cullen traveled in a suit of Paris blond cloth with a black hat. After October 1 they will be at home at Fort Morgan, Ala., where Lieutenant Cullen is now stationed.

Among those from out of town who attended the wedding was Miss Catherine Cullen, of Alabama; Raymond Cullen and Frank Cullen, of New York, sister and brothers of the bridegroom.

len and Frank Cullen, of New York, sister and brothers of the bridegroom.

The Acting Secretary of State, who has spent the last couple of weeks with Mrs. Wilson at their cottage at Newport, has returned to Washington. The Secretary will go back to Newport later to remain until they close the place for the season.

night which convinced him that the ishing in the neighborhood was all that could be desired. He had seen enough of the Vale of Clywd on his way between Rhyl and Denbigh, to satisfy even his taste for natural beauty. even his taste for natural beauty.

A fertile valley, walled in by the blue mountains on each side save one, where it dipped gently to the sea; river, wood and lovely scenery in the richest profusion. What more could mortal man desire. Mr. and Mrs. Preston Gibson will close their Newport cottage about the middle of this month and return to Washington for a short time before going to the mountains for the autumn season.

Brig. Gen.Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. house, a good garden, a good table, good liquor and good eigars. Mr. Ktiner would be as comfortable as man need be. He looked into the future, when he sought his bed that night and he prophesied many pleasant things for himself. A., and Mrs. Edwards were the guests in compliment to whom Mr. and Mrs. John M. Biddle entertained at dinner last evening at the Chevy Chase Club. General Edwards will leave Washington the letter part of the month for his new the latter part of the month for his new post in Wyoming.

The Spanish Minister and Mme. Riano, who have spent the summer abroad, are now in Denmark. They will return to this country early next month

## Seen in the Shops

When your child is struggling with the intricacies of a foreign language, one of the best way to keep the task from being a bug-bear, especially if the child has not had the advantage of starting in at an early age, is to buy fiction printed in the language which is being studied. The book store which is at the corner of Twelfth and F streets, has books for children in several languages, from cloth covered pamphlets to real fiction, with real heroes and heroines. The cloth books are profusely illustrated and cheaper than the which he hoped to enjoy to a green oid age.

Mr. Keene's (it is useless to call him Mr. Kilner now that he had discarded that name) house was a comfortable stone dwelling standing in a delightful piece of ground, some of which was given up to ornamental gardens, some to kitchen and fruit trees, and some to smooth expanse of lawn, which were overshedowed by noble groves of elm other stories.

The department store at Eleventh and F streets, is just receiving its fall line of veilings, and while all of the coming styles are not yet in, the forerunners are to be seen. Many of the veils will have the Shetland wool finish, others will have chencille dots, and still oth-ers will have the mesh, although in a much finer design than formerly. Com-plexion velis will be worn more than ever before, and range in price. from 30 cents to \$2 a yard. Automobile veils, in the pink tint, are 75 cents a yard, while the satin bordered, black pin stripe, blue auto veils, are \$1 the yard.

How often in the year do you have to eplenish your stock of towels? The answer depends entirely upon the kind of towel which you are in the habit of buying, for the cheap, the bargain towbuying, for the cheap, the bargain towel, will have to be replenished just five times as often as the towels which I saw today in a case at the housefurnishing store at Eleventh and F streets. These towels are so finely woven that the tiny loops are scarcely to be seen, yet they are durable and heavy, and will make the body glow readily with rubbing. Neat borders are of green, blue, etc., and the price of long ones is 75 cents apiece.

The genuine cowskin leather bag, offered by the leather store on F street for \$5.75, is one of the best values I have seen at that price. The bags are all of different sizes, some large, and some a trifle smaller, but all at the same price. There are several compartments, and the fittings and finishings are in excellent tagte. are in excellent taste.

Printed mousellines and mouselline skirtings, finished with large and heavy worn for evening gowns this coming season. The material which I saw to-day at the department store at Eleventh and F streets, is black monaelling. day at the department store at Eleventh and F streets, is black mouselline, with the skirting border of heavy gold applique, in a conventional design. This material is forty-two inches wide and cannot be bought for less than \$5 a yard.

ARTIFICIAL GEMS.

The chemical composition of the synthetic sapphire is the same as that of the natural sapphire. The only difference is that the real sapphire is crystallized, while the artificial sapphire is fused alumina grigass.

LOCAL MENTION.

### MORE WOMEN SMOKE

Smoking is becoming far more common among women in London society. The habit is indulged in more openly than it was, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a woman motorist who is making calls puffing away at a cigarette between visits or a woman golfer doing the same thing.

ence is that the real supplifies of years liked, while the artificial supplifie is fused alumina or laumina glass.

Between artificial and real supplifies there is just such a difference as there is between potato sugar and rock candy. At many of the West End restaurants he stepped ashore from the mail steamer at Holyhead.

Mr. Kilner felt glad to know that he was a free man, and a man who had done so well in business that he could clgars—mild Havanas. "The Heroine from Derna," great a-reel

# Coming From Abroad

Mrs. Robert Hinckley and Miss Gladys Hinckley will sail for New York about September 15. They have been travel ing abroad all summer, and are now at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, after an extended sojourn at Homburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Balloch have returned from an extended European trip. Their son-in-law and daughter, the Rev. and Mrs. Stuart Bready, who spent several weeks traveling with them, are now at Frankfort-on-Main, where Mr. Bready is pastor of the American Church.

#### Personal Mention

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney J. Bessellevre have cards out for the wedding reception of their daughter, Miss Jessi Mary Bessellevre and Harry Lee Ham ilton, on Wednesday evening, Septem ber 25, at 8:30 o'clock, at their residence

315 E street northeast.

The ceremony which will precede the reception at 8 o'clock, will be attended only by a small family party and a few close friends.

At home cards for after November 1, at The Arden, 1420 R street, are inclosed.

Mrs. M. Raum Littell has sent out cards announcing the marriage of her daughter, Miss Mabel Littell, to the Rev. Ernest Risley Eaton, of Baltimore, and formerly of Melbourne, Australia. The marriage took place Wednesday, The marriage took place Wednesday, September II, the Rev. Charles Hastings Dodd, of Baltimore, officiating in the presence of a small party of relatives. After October 1, the Rev. Mr. Eaton and Mrs. Eaton will be at home at 430 West Seventh street, Chester, Pa.

West Seventh street, Chester, Pa.

Neelsville Presbyterian Church was the scene last evening, at 6 o'clock, of the marriage of Miss Hannah Holland Virginia Warfield, of Gaithersburg, Md., and Stanton Pilcher, of Petersburg, Va. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. John Mason Pilcher, father of the bridegroom, and Dr. L. D. Richards, pastor of the church. The decorations were palms, ferns, evergreens, and white asters. The wedding march was played by Mrs. Dorsey Griffith, of Laytonsville. fith, of Laytonsville.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Warfield, who will celebrate the fiftleth anniversary

of their marriage in November.
The bride, who entered the church with her sister. Mrs. Greenberry G. Griffith, of Laytonsville, as matron of honor, was attired in a gown of Jap-anese hand-embroidered mull with real lace over white messaline. Her tulle veil was caught with orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of and she carried a shower bouquet of Bride roses and liles of the valley. Her only ornament was a diamond and pearl La Valliere, the gift of the bridegroom. The matron of honor wore green marquisette and white silk lace over green messaline, and carried white carnations.

carnations.

Miss Nettie Worthington, of Philadelphia, was maid of honor. Her gown was of white lace over green messaline and she carried malden hair fern. The bridesmalds were Miss Maude Dorsey bridesmalds were Miss Maude Dorsey, cousin of the bride; Miss Lucile Higgins, niece of the bride; Miss Ella Piummer, of Gaithersburg: Miss Ethei Pilcher, sister of the bridegroom, of Petersburgh: Miss Jane M. Cross, of Philadelphia; Miss Mary V. Beckham, of Washington, D. C. They wore green marquisette over white messaline, trimmed with white lace and peau-de-cygne, and carried bouquets of white chrysanthemums.

The best man was Frederick Pilcher, The best man was Frederick Pilcher, of Petersburg, brother of the groom. The groomsmen were Edwin M. Pilcher, brother of the groom: P. Parsons Pilcher, cousin of the groom, of Richmond, Va.; John G. Terry, of Des Moines, Iowa; Reuben D. Warfield, of Fort Myer, Va.; Lee C. Warfield, of Gaithersburg, Md., brothers of the bride, and Claude W. Owen, of Washington, D. C., cousin of the bride. Following the ceremony an elaborate supper was served at the bome of the bride's parents for the bridal party, the families of the bridegroom and a few friends.

families of the bridegroom and a few friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Plicher departed on a late train for Niagara, Thousand Islands, and Montreal.

For several days previous to the wedding, the bride-elect was hostess at a house party, given to the bridal party and a few other guests from a distance. Among those present other than the bridal party were Miss Minerva Weeks, Dr. and Mrs. Lewis D. Plicher, Mrs. Frederick Plicher, Dr. William Plicher, of Petersburg, Va.; Lewis Plicher; the Rev. J. M. Plicher, of Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Margaret Plicher, Bradshaw. of

Rev. J. M. Pilcher, of Richmond, Va.;
Mrs. Margaret Pilcher, Bradshaw, of
Burkeville, Va.; J. A. Pilcher, of Roanoke, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Landis,
of Philadelphia; Mrs. Dr. C. A. Rhodes,
of Atlanta, Ga; Dr. and Mrs. E. W.
Shackelford, of Durham, N. C.; Miss
Clara Ridgley, of Baltimore; Mrs. Nathan Gott, of Boyds, Md.
Mrs. Pilcher will reside in than Gott, of Boyds, Md.
Mr. and Mrs. Pilcher will reside in
Petersburg, Va.

Mrs. B. K. Gladmon announces the marriage of her youngest daughter. Miss Helen Gladmon, to the Rev. Lewis Miss Helen Gladmon, to the Rev. Lewis E. Purdum, assistant pastor of the First Congregational Church. The Rev. S. W. Woodrow, pastor of the church, solemnized the ceremony, which took place yesterday afternoon.

Immediately afterward Mr. and Mrs. Purdum left for a bridal trip to Atlantic City, northern New York and Canda After November I they will be at ada. After November 1, they will be at bome at 1010 Park road.

## Ugh! How Children Hate Castor Oil

To clean the little one's stomach, liver and waste-clogged bowels give gentle "Syrup of Figs."

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the physic that mother insisted on-castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought

How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.
With our children it's different. The day of harsh physic is over. We don't force the liver and 30 feet of bowels now; we coax them. We have no dreaded after effects. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their little stomachs and tender bowels are thinged by them.

and constipated waste matter gently moves on and out of the system with-Directions for children of all ages,

also for grown-ups plainly printed on the package. By all means get the genuine. Ask your druggist for the full name, "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," prepared by the California Fig Syrup Co. According to the control of the control o

# Capt. and Mrs. Caperton

Capt. William B. Caperton, U. S. N. ommanding officer of the Newport Fraining Station, and Mrs. Caperton, who have figured conspicuously in the eason's gavetles at that resort, entertained at luncheon yesterday. Some of their guests were Mrs. Burke Roche, Mrs. Marsden J. Perry, Mrs. Reginald Norman, Mrs. Norman Eldridge, Mrs. I. Goodwin Hobbs, Mrs. R. C. Derby Mrs. John Thompson, jr., of Nashville, l'enn., a niece of Captain Caperton; Miss Charlotte Pell, Miss Rosa Grosvenor, and Miss Marguerite Caperton.

Now that the season is on the wane t Newport, women of society find time o attend musicales and literary enterainments. Tuesday it was a meeting of the Papetric Club and Yesterday a musicale given by Miss Martha Cod-man, of Washington, for the Animal Miss Codman served tea after the pro-gram. The artists for the occasion were Miss Josephine McCulloch, soprano; Mme. Kitty Berger, zither player, and Ray Groff, violinist.

Miss Florence Hobson, who spent last winter in Washington, is now in Paris at the Hotel Belmont.

Judge and Mrs. Martin A. Knapp are in New York for a brief stay at the Hotel Manhættan.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Tredway are spend-ing the week-end with the former's aunt. Mrs. Henry C. Huff, of Waverly,

Miss Clementine Smith and Miss Sal-lle Smith will return to their residence in H street this afternoon from Blue Ridge Summit, Pa., where they have spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCauley and Miss McCauley, who spent part of the summer at Narragansett Pier, have returned to their cottage in Chevy Chase, which they occupied during the early season. They will not open their town

Brig. Gen. H. R. Anderson, U. S. A., retired, and the Misses Anderson, who spent the last several weeks in New York, have returned to their apartment

Bolivia will go to Boston next week for a stay of several days.

The Secretary of the Navy, George von L. Meyer, and Senator Winthrop Murray Crane are spending a few days in New York at the Belmont.

Lieut. H. E. Kimmel, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kimmel, who have spent the last several weeks in Annapolis and Norfolk, have returned to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, wh are now visiting relatives of the for-mer in Massachusetts, will return to Washington and open their residence in Massachusetts avenue early in Octo-

Miss Louisa C. Lipplit, who spent the summer abroad, has returned to Wash-ington and has opened her apartment in

Mr. and Mrs. William Corcoran Hill, who spent the summer at Narragansett Pier, returned to Washington last eve-ning and opened their residence in H street for the winter.

ouse until some time next month.

Senor Don Calderon, the Minister of

# In Capital for the McLean Funeral

Entertain at Newport Luncheon.

DRUSILLA'S TRIP.

OBBY JONES had sat for two months in his box straining his ear at every sound he heard, hoping that the door of the yroom might open and Drusilla aid appear. But his waiting was all vain, and the house was as still as I could be, for the family were away the summer and Drusilla had gone h them.

Yen the paper doll, who only on specocasions like the party, ever spoke anyone, put her head out of her dow and asked Bobby "where in the rid everyone was," and "if he ught Drusilla was traveling."

It Bobby did not know; all he knew s that Drusilla went away one day a great hurry, and he heard the se say to Drusilla's little mother ou have to take that horrid old i everywhere."

DRUSILLA'S TRIP.

continued, without noticing Bobby's question; "and if my little mother had not cried and made a great fuss I should have been left in a foreign country with a lot of people who talked the queerest and looked the strangest way you can imagine. Why, they jumble their words all together, and you cannot make out whether they are being polite to you or saying something disagreeable. It was just terrible."

"Where have you been, Drusilla, to have seen and heard so much?" asked Bobby once more.

"I have been across the ocean," said Drusilla, leaning back in her chair to note the effect this announcement would have upon Bobby.

Bobby never having heard of an ocean, only looked at Drusilla as he had been doing and waited to hear more.

"Yes," she continued, without noticing Bobby's appear for the proper for the proper for the question; "and if my little mother had not cried and made a great fuss I fuss I for the queerest and looked the strangest way you can imagine. Why, they jumble their words all together, and you cannot make out whether they are being polite to you or saying something disagreeable. It was just terrible."

"Where have you been, Drusilla, to have seen and heard so much?" asked Bobby once more.

"I have been across the ocean," said Drusilla, leaning back in her chair to note the effect this announceme hoping that the door of the play room might open and Drusilla would appear. But his waiting was all in vain, and the house was as still as still could be, for the family were away for the summer and Drusilla had gone with them.

Even the paper doll, who only on speckal occasions like the party, ever spoke to anyone, put her head out of her window and asked Bobby "where in the world everyone was," and "li he thought Drusilla was travelling."

But Bobby did not know; all he knew was that Drusilla went away one day in a great hurry, and he heard the nurse say to Drusilla's little mother "You have to take that horrid old doll everywhere."

"I do wish she would come back," Bobby said to the paper doll. "I am very lonely without her, and then she always has such interesting things to tell me about her adventures."

"Yes," answered the paper doll, "even if she is a little too talkative at times

"Yes," answered the paper doll, "even if she is a little too talkative at times she is amusing," and she rustled her paper frills and closed the window as

she spoke.

One night shortly after this Bobby
Jones was awakened by hearing some
one enter the play room, but it was too
dark to see, and then he was so fright-



again and stayed there until morning.

When he looked out in the morning there sat Drusilla in a chair in her corner, one arm hung over the side of the chair and one leg dangled also, while the other was thrust straight up in the

"Mercy!" sald Bobby, looking at her in alarm. "Where did you come from, Drusilla, and whatever is the matter?" Drusilia sat up and rubbed her eyes before replying. "What time is it?" she asked. "I have a long story to tell, and I do not wish to begin it unless I shall

I do not wish to begin it unless I shall have time before the family are up to tell all of it."
"Oh! it is early," said Bobby; "the sun has only just come in this window. Do tell me where you have been and if the family have returned. It has been quiet and still here so long I thought I never should hear a noise again. But why were you sitting in that funny position when I first saw you?"
"Dear me, you ask so many questions, mostion when I first saw you?

"Dear me, you ask so many questions, Bobby Jones, that I do not know where to begin," said Drusilla. "I'll answer the last first.

"My little mother went to sleep on the train with me clasped in her arms, and when they brought her into the house the nurse took me by the arm and threw me on this chair, and I was too tired to move, so I sleep that way.

"Oh! I have seen strange sights and trayeled since I last saw you, Bobby

traveled since I last saw you, Bobby Jones, and I can tell you, I am a very lucky doll to be back in my old home

The Sandman's Stories

DRUSILLA'S TRIP.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

had been doing and waited to hear more.

"Yes," she continued, "I have been across the ocean, and I went in a ship bigger than this house."

"What; bigger than the paper doll's house?" asked Bobby, for that was the only house he had ever seen.

"Bobby Jones, I do believe you have not one ounce of sense," said Drusilla, "The idea of a ship no bigger than the paper doll's house. Why, silly, I could not get in that myself, and there were lots and lots of others on board."

"On boards?" repeated Bobby, in a

"On boards?" repeated Bebby, in a dazed manner. "What are they doing

dazed manner. "What are they doing on boards?"

"Oh, dear! I do wish you had been out in the world and learned a few things," said Drusilla. "It is so hard to tell you anything; I have to explain so much. I did not say 'on boards;' I said 'on board." That means on the ship sailing across the ocean, and the ship was as large as this house we live in with all the family. The ocean is water; water as far as you can see, and then farther than that, and on all sides, and in front of you and back, too."

"Oh!-Oh!" said Bobby, "And was it "Oh!—Oh!" sald Bobby. "And was it all wet like the water you fell into once when the policeman took you out?"

"I expect it was," Drusilla replied; "but I did not fall into it this time; I heard it splash, though, and the spray came up on the deck, too."

"Did he—she, I mean?" said Bobby, hesitatingly.

"Did he—she, I mean?" said Bobby, hesitatingly.

Drusilla did not deign to correct or inform Bobby as to what spray meant, but went on with her story. "Well, we sailed and sailed for days and then we stopped and I thought every one was crazy excepting those that were on the ship. I never heard such a noise and I could not understand a word, but my little mother's father knew, and soon we were in a carriage and were taken

could not understand a word, but my little mother's father knew, and soon we were in a carriage and were taken to a large hotel and had breakfast. That nurse tried to have me left with the bags and wraps, but my little mother hugged me tight and told her I was as hungry as anyone and that horrid nurse had to let me go to the table."

Just then the door of the playroom was opened and Drusilia's little mother came in; there were tears in her eyes, but when she saw Drusilia she dried her eyes and ran to her. "You darling." she said, hugging Drusilia. "I dreamed you were left behind and that great big doll was here in your place, but I am glad it was not true." Drusilia was carried out of the room in her little mother's arms and Bobby Jones settled back in his box, but tomorrow Drusilia will finish her story of her travels and how she narrowly escaped being left in a foreign country.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

## Good Record for Both.

"I've driven my car for over a year now," said Bilkins, "and I've never run" down anybody."

alone."
"Alone?" asked Bobby. "Why, who wanted to come with you?"
"I never realized how much that nurse really disliked me." Drusilla run down anybody."—Harper's Weekly.

# \$25 Given for a "Slogan"

Boys, Give Us a "Slogan" for the "P-B" \$5.00 School Suitthe Suit with extra Pants. Get Mother's and Father's Help.

T AST FALL thousands of young Washingtonians helped us name that remarkable "P-B" \$5 School Suit, "NEED-MET."

Now we open a SLOGAN contest for this same \$5 "NEED-MET" suitthe all wool suit with extra pants. We want a slogan to use with the name.

MI HAT IS A SLOGAN?—A sentence-a short sentence that tells the whole story in a few words. For instance:

"Des Moines, the city of certainty." "\$5 NEED-MET, the extra pants suit of extra value." "\$5 NEED MET, the Boys' Best Suit." These are suggestions-don't make your slogan over ten words, shorter if possible.

# Select your Slogan from the following facts:

The \$5.00 "NEED-MET" is an all-wool suit with extra pants. All seams are taped and will stand the hardest kind of wear. Its equal in value cannot be found for less than \$7.50. Hundreds of mothers, who have bought this suit, tell us "it is the greatest value they ever purchased." We guarantee it in every way.

THE PRIZES-\$15 in cash for the slogan accepted. \$5 for the next best slogan, \$2 for the third best, and \$1 each for the next three selected.

Contest runs 60 days-send your answers now-many as you can think ofto Contest Mgr., care of P-B & Co.

Quality Outfitters Buther Bridgett to Little Men

The Avenue at Ninth Street

